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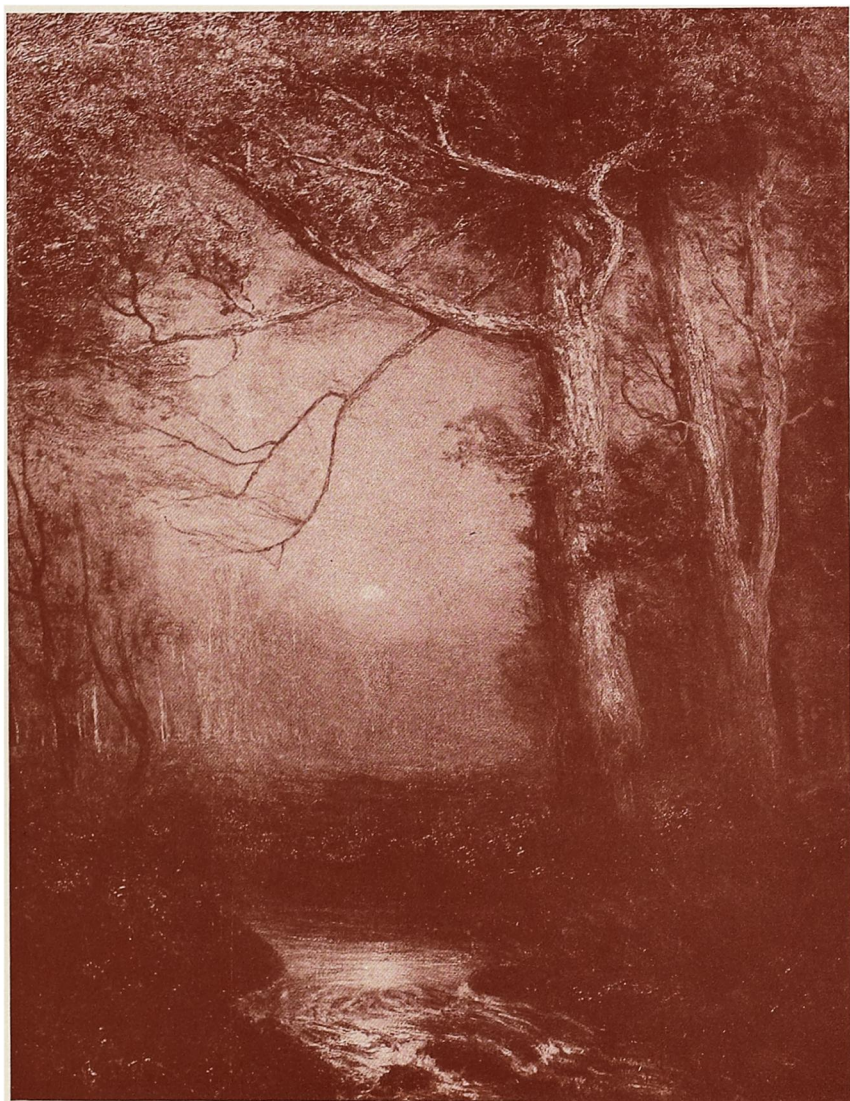
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MOONRISE AND SUNSET
By Frank De Haven

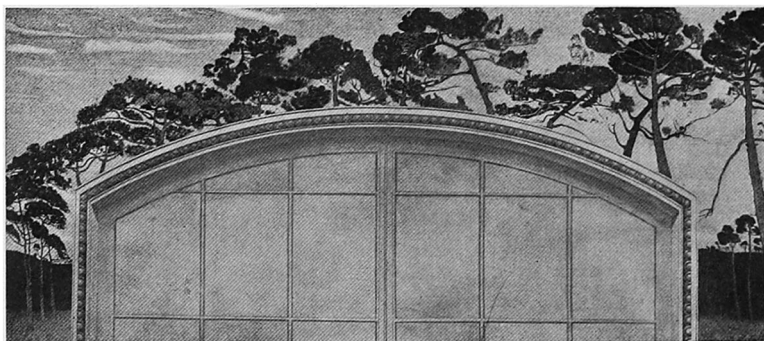


BRUSH AND PENCIL

VOL. XVII

MARCH, 1906

No. 3



BRITTANY PINES
By Florence Este

A NOTABLE EXHIBITION AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts began the second century of its career with an exhibition which, in a sense, may be termed the culmination of its own distinctive policy. As has frequently been pointed out in *BRUSH AND PENCIL*, the annual displays of this institution have for many a year — decade, perhaps, one had better say — been admittedly the best offered to the American public; and the show of this year, about to close as this article is written, is in many respects the best that has been given. The Academy has long followed a method of procedure peculiarly its own, and one would wish that more of our great institutions would adopt its policy and emulate its achievements. It has always been primarily American — it even draws sparingly from the studios of native artists resident abroad. It is fresh and up to date in its material, having a limited number of the peripatetic canvases that go the rounds year after year, apparently because the artists have nothing better to offer. Its rank and importance make artists eager to exhibit, and hence it has a sort of first lien on new work. And, above all, it has had the ambition to show and the enterprise to reach out after and secure the best of American art produced.

If it has sinned, it has sinned on the side of numbers rather than of quality. The present show comprises one thousand and thirty-one works, a collection



A HOLLAND LADY
By Gari Melchers

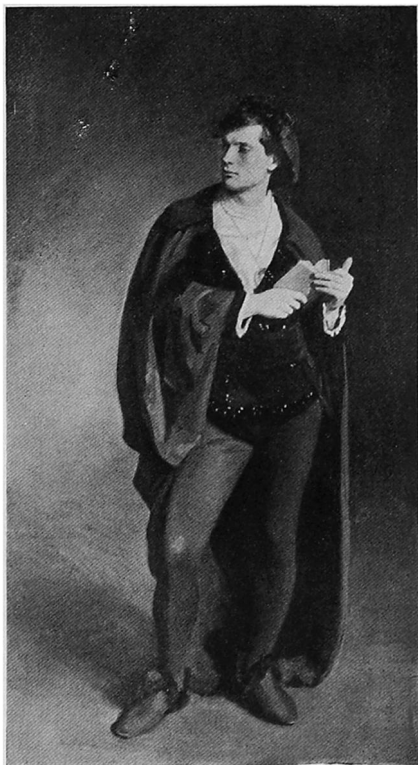
of riches which, to say the least, is bewildering, if it does not militate against the enjoyment of individual exhibits. No less than two hundred and eighty-nine artists are represented, and of the gross number of exhibits catalogued, eight hundred and forty-eight are oil-paintings and one hundred and eighty-three are sculpture. Another feature worthy of mention is the fact that this year, as in former years, the show is in no wise sectional. To be sure, Philadelphia artists are well represented, as one should reasonably expect, and heavy drafts have been made from metropolitan Eastern studios; but, in a broad sense, the Academy has made levies on the art centers of the whole country, and one finds in the galleries paintings by Keith of San Francisco, Myron Barlow of Detroit, Davol of Ogunquit, Me., Edmonson and Herkomer of Cleveland, Aim Léon Meyvis of Rochester, N. Y., Robert Nesbit of Providence, R. I., Lucien Powell of Washington, D. C., Charles M. Russell of Great Falls, Mon., T. C. Steele of Indianapolis, Frank F. Stone of Los Angeles, Cal., Martha S. Baker and Frank R. Wadsworth of Chicago, and many another artist in localities rarely exploited. The great number of artists represented, and the policy of showing from two to five or six canvases by the more important men, give the exhibition a com-

prehensiveness — as well as quality — rarely seen in American displays.

Credit for the exhibition must largely be given to John E. D. Trask, the present secretary and manager of the institution, and if one is to judge by acknowledged accomplishment, Mr. Trask has worthily succeeded to the onerous and often delicate duties long so ably performed by his predecessor. Perhaps the least said about art prizes the better, but one may chronicle for the benefit of the curious that the juries of selection and hanging committee for the one-hundred-and-first annual exhibition was as follows: Painting — John Lambert, chairman Hugh H. Breckenridge, Frank Vincent Dumond, Thomas Eakins, Willard L. Metcalf, Joseph T. Pearson, J. Alden Weir, Edward W. Redfield, Charles Hopkinson, Charles C. Curran, Wilton Lockwood, Edmund C. Tarbell. Sculpture — Charles Grafly, H. A. Macneil, Paul W. Bartlett. Hanging Committee — John Lambert, Charles

C. Curran, Edward W. Redfield, Frank Vincent Dumond. Paris jury — Walter MacEwen, Charles Morris Young, Henry O. Tanner. It may seem ungracious to say aught that would cheapen the function performed by such a representative body of jurors, but, nevertheless, the managing director stood behind, as his predecessor long stood behind, not merely the soliciting and securing but the acceptance of a large percentage of the works hung. When one says this, one — in view of the extent and excellence of the show — gives practical indorsement to a *régime* comparatively novel among American art institutions, and devoutly to be wished as an approved and established method of procedure — that of throwing the whole duty and responsibility of arranging for exhibitions on the shoulders of ambitious, energetic, fair-minded, and capable directors. Nothing speaks so emphatically for the new *régime* as exhibitions such as the current one at Philadelphia. The day of fossil directors and fossilized methods should be hastened to its close.

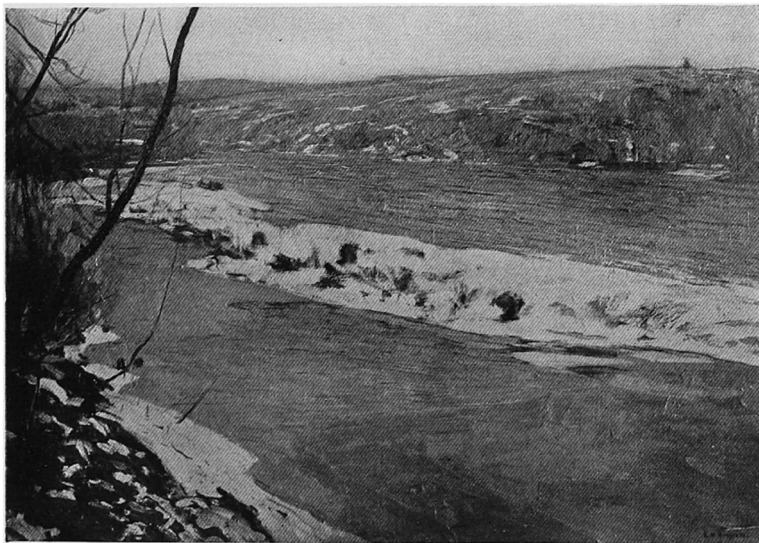
The prizes awarded at the exhibition included: Temple gold medal (\$1,800), Eugene Paul Ullman; "Portrait of Mme. Fisher," seen in New York last year; Lippincott (\$300), Child Hassam, "Summer Morning, Isles of Shoals"; Mary Smith (\$100), Alice Mumford, "Two Vaudeville Stars"; Sesman medal, Albert Groll, "Arizona." Horatio Walker was the recipient of the gold medal of honor from the Academy. This is awarded by the board of directors in recognition of high achievement in their profession of American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the Academy, or represented in the permanent collection, or who for eminent service to the cause of art may have merited the distinction. Mr. Walker is represented in the current display with a group of five canvases of considerable importance. Among those who have been previously thus singled out are Alexander Harrison, Win-



THE TRAGIC ACTOR
By John Lambert

slow Homer, William M. Chase, Edwin A. Abbey, Cecilia Beaux, John S. Sargent, John W. Alexander, James McNeill Whistler, Charles Grafly, and Violet Oakley.

Mr. Ullman's "Portrait of Mme. Fisher" is a thoroughly good piece of work, but it is to be doubted if this picture, excellent as it is, has the merit of another canvas shown by the same artist, a portrait of his wife. This latter canvas would doubtless have received the distinction, but for the fact



THE DELAWARE RIVER
By Edward W. Redfie'd

that in it portraiture, as such, is subordinated to the accessories of the picture. The jury of awards was certainly gracious to Mr. Hassam. The Lippincott prize was given to his "Summer Morning, Isles of Shoals," as the best marine in the exhibition, whereas it is only by courtesy that the canvas could be classified under this head. The picture, however, has fine qualities, and is markedly more interesting and truthful than Hassam's pretentious prize-winner at Pittsburg this year — nude girls in a flower-laden garden. If one may venture a query, why does this artist persist in painting this type of nudes-in-the-garden picture when he excels in work that is so vastly superior in truth and interest — his Brittany scenes, long since abandoned, his street scenes, and pictures of the sort of his present Philadelphia prize-winner? One would welcome a new venture or a revival.

Of Miss Mumford's "Two Vaudeville Stars," one must say two things —

the canvas discloses marked ability as a bit of figure-painting and equally marked bad taste in the selection of subject. In other words, while one feels called upon to praise the artist, one also is impelled to regret that talent is wasted on a subject whose manifest coarseness makes it reprehensible. Of Albert Groll's "Arizona" one can have only the warmest words of praise; not that the artist has not painted other canvases even better, but this one is the record of an earnest, able worker reaching out successfully after other



JERSEY FISHERMEN
By H. L. Hildebrandt

things than he has done — an evidence of substantial development. Groll spent the summer in Arizona, among the Moqui Indians, and returned with many fine studies of atmospheric effects of the plateaus and mesas of this distinctively unusual portion of the United States. It is possible the prize picture is an Arizona sandstorm, which has splendid hues. Groll is to be congratulated upon his portrayal of American scenes which have been somewhat overlooked by the average American artist.

A marked characteristic of the exhibition is its plenitude of portraiture. Sargent, Boldini, Tarbell, Kendall, Chase, Ullman, Weir, Cecilia Beaux, Henri, Story, Wiles, Cushing, Adelaide Cole Chase, Eakins, De Camp, Margaret Fuller, Lambert, Mary Foote, MacEwen, Dewing, Hamilton, Macmonnies, and a long list of other able portraitists being represented. Many of these canvases are lacking in color, good taste, or truth, as, for

instance, Boldini's "Mrs. Harry Lehr;" but, for the most part, the average of excellence is so high as to make the portraiture of the exhibition a distinctive feature.

The figure-painters too offer much that is worthy of special comment, were detailed notice possible. One may perhaps be pardoned for singling out Benson's beautiful "October," Reid's opalescent "Fleur de Lys," reproduced in *BRUSH AND PENCIL* last December, Jean McLane's "In a City Square," Florence Carlyle's "Madonna of the washtub," Louise Cox's "Mother and Child," Elizabeth Nourse's "Happy Days," and Glackens's "At Mouquin's," which likewise has appeared in *BRUSH AND PENCIL*.

Scant room remains for mention of marines and landscapes. These, to the average visitor, perhaps, have paramount interest, and certainly many of the canvases shown exhibit American art at its best. Among

the notable contributions in marines one may mention works by Twachtman, Woodbury, Harrison, Dodge, Dougherty, Lionel Walden, George Gibbs, Ritchell, Watson, and Rehn. The seascapes shown differ much in execution and interest, but, on the whole, rank well with the rest of the exhibition.

In landscapes of good quality the show is especially rich, most of the men of prominence and many who are less known sending thoroughly representative examples of their work. These canvases range through the whole gamut of whims and "interpretations," from direct faithful transcripts from nature to tonal schemes in which the landscape is subordinated to color. Further particular reference is here impossible. Suffice it to say that it has long been claimed that native painters excel in the pictorial rendition of landscape, and the current exhibition at Philadelphia furnishes adequate proof, gleaned from many sources, of supreme ability in this branch of the art on the part of our artists.

As regards quite exceptional



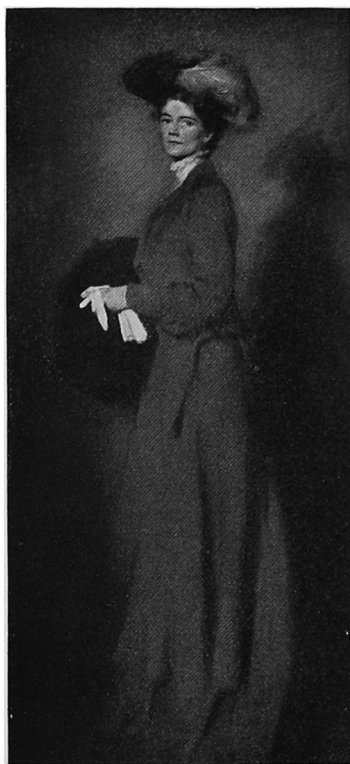
PORTRAIT OF MRS. HARRY S. LEHR
By Jean Boldini

pictures, special mention perhaps should be made of certain notable groups. One of the small galleries has been hung with soft transparent drapery, forming a neutral background, and here, all on the line, there are fifteen paintings by Dewing, Tryon, Whistler, and Thayer, lent by Charles L. Freer, Esq., and Colonel Frank J. Hecker of Detroit, W. K. Bixby, Esq., of St. Louis, and the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy. "It is," as one reviewer rightly said, "worth a journey to see this room alone; it is the quintessence of poetry as interpreted by line and color, the personal expression of these artists in landscape and figure work. It is impossible to convey in words the delicacy of Tryon's twilights, the charm of Dewing's 'Fortune Teller,' the dignity of Abbott Thayer's 'Head,' and the subtlety of Whistler's 'Little Blue and Gold Girl.'" Another important group is that of five canvases by Horatio Walker, in the main gallery, where one can study his work, beginning with the big "Ploughing in Acadia," painted in 1886; "A Canadian Pastoral" (1888), with cows resting; "Boy Feeding Pigs" (1898), the richest in color; "Oxen Drinking" (1899); and the "Wood Cutters"

(1905), with a more individual color scheme and greater knowledge of those qualities which are necessary for the creation of a masterpiece.

The display of sculpture is especially important, comprising contributions by many of the leading sculptures of the day — Bitter, Calder, Pratt, Mrs. Vornoli, Janet Scudder, Murray, Grafty, MacNeil, Lukeman, Hartley, Adams, Solon Borghm, Dallin, and many other less known but able workers. It may not be that the display represents — what one would like to see — the best of the year's output in sculpture, but it certainly is an admirable illustration of native ability.

E. T. BUSH.



MRS. RALPH ADAMS CRAM
By Adelaide Cole Chase



BILL FOR FREE ART INTRODUCED

On behalf of the American Free Art League, Representative William Alden Smith of Michigan introduced in the House, on February 10th, a bill for the removal of the duty on works of art. Bryan Lathrop of Chicago



THE DAY'S WORK DONE
By Henry Golden Dearth

is chairman of the league's executive committee, and Daniel H. Burnham of the same city is a member. The measure was referred to the committee on ways and means.

Advocates of the removal of the duty on works of art seem to have received assurances that their bill may become a law. They have sent out pamphlets which bear on the measure, in which they endeavor to show that the duty on art is a handicap to education. The bill follows:

To amend chapter 11 of the laws of 1897, entitled "An act to provide revenue for the government and to encourage the industries of the United States."

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

Section 1. That on and after the passage of this act no duties shall be levied, collected, or paid upon the following articles when imported from foreign countries into the United States, and they shall be added to the free list provided for by section 2 of chapter 11 of the laws of 1897, and said section shall be amended by adding at the end of subdivision 703 of



THE BARK
By Charles H. Woodbury



SAND DUNES NEAR LELANT
By W. Elmer Schofield

"If the public outside the big art centers could compare the work of their countrymen with that of the foreigner who has won a great name abroad, and who therefore enjoys their confidence, they would learn that just as good work is being done right here at home, and soon people of

means would not hesitate to pay good prices for the productions of American artists." This is the argument advanced by our best known *painters and sculptors*, who are back of the movement to get the duty removed from foreign art. It seems reasonable to suppose that a people who have no models or standards of good art, and who in their ignorance exclude recognized standards by a practically prohibitive tax, also have no taste and consequently no means of measuring the value of the art of their countrymen. How are they to learn the difference between the hard, tight, conventional rendering of the amateur and the skilled handling of the master unless they have acknowledged standards on which to base their judgment?



A VELE GONFIE
By John S. Sargent

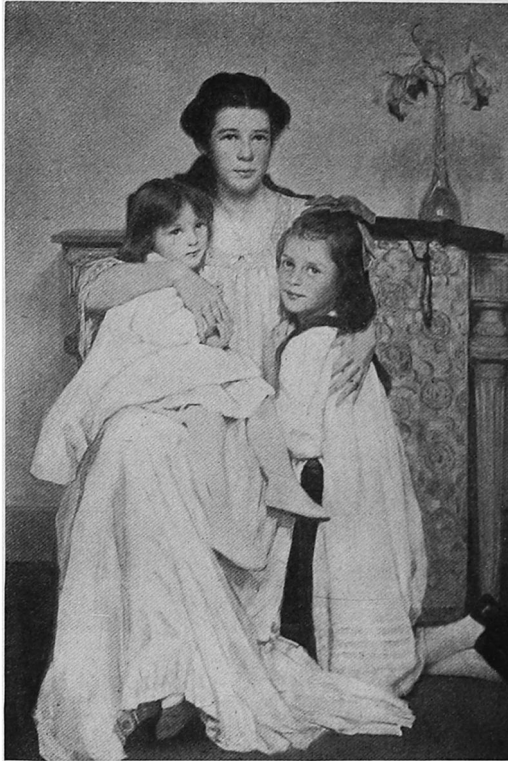
The only protection our best artists desire for their profession is that which can only be obtained by the abolition of art duty, for, as a prominent artist has said: "Our livelihood depends on the education of the pupil's taste." Works of art have an educational value. And their introduction should be encouraged in every way, instead of being limited to the enjoyment of the very wealthy by a heavy tax. As a source of revenue, the returns are insignificant as compared with the educational benefits of which the public is now by bad policy deprived.

As an example of the loss educationally to this country through the

operations of the tax, take the vast storehouse of art treasures maintained in London by J. P. Morgan, America's greatest art patron. Of the millions of dollars' worth of paintings and sculptures, curios and art objects bought by Mr. Morgan abroad, but a small fraction has been brought to this country nor will be unless the duty is removed. Mr. Morgan can enjoy them quite as well in London as in New York, and, having made known the fact that he proposes to let the American people have access to them in the same way that the British public now enjoys, it is not unreasonable that Mr. Morgan should feel that unless Americans care enough about securing the privilege to repeal the tax, he will let the collection remain where it is. Europe, of course, is very glad of this. It gets a fortune for its art, and then retains the art.

Apropos to this situation is the expression of the new director of the Metropolitan Museum, Sir Casper Purdon-Clarke, in his speech on formal-

ly accepting the most important charge in America. In substance, he said that he considered the duty detrimental to the art interest in America in that it kept out ancient works of art; but that from the European point of view, the duty made it possible for European museums to compete with American buyers, who were often discouraged by the knowledge that they would have to pay an enormous duty for their art purchases. "Ancient works of art," he said, "can not in any way interfere with American manufacture except to improve their quality, and in starving the American desig-



THREE PORTRAITS
By Sergeant Kendall

the success of an art school. The actual training in drawing and painting which the prospective artist gets under such men as Tarbell, Benson and Hale, painters, or Bela L. Pratt, sculptor — to mention those with whose teaching I am most familiar — is absolutely competent. Probably nowhere in the world can the elements of the profession be better learned than here. But European art comes as a natural supplement to home education.

Students in our American cities already profit more than most people



HAPPY DAYS
By Elizabeth Nourse

have any idea by the private collections that are being gathered amongst us in spite of the restraining influence of the tariff. There are, in fact, very few notable pictures owned privately in America that are not, from time to time, at the disposal of students for study. The contents of the galleries of such owners as Mr. Freer and Mr. Scripps of Detroit, Mr. Walters of Baltimore, Mr. Howard Mansfield of New York, Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Gardner of Boston, Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, and scores of others, have time and again been thrown open to the public through loan exhibitions. A recent interesting example is the large group of works belonging to Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears of Boston, which has been loaned for an indefinite period to the Museum of Fine Arts, and which now gives the hundreds of art students in the city an opportunity for first-hand study of important canvases. Again, the collections in Fenway Court, the Italian palace of Mrs.

John L. Gardner, are still thrown open on certain days to the public — which includes, of course, students of art — despite the fact that Mrs. Gardner, in order to be free of government regulation, has paid a duty of nearly \$200,000. Other similar and equally beneficial instances might be cited.

Many of these owners of art treasures have, furthermore, on almost

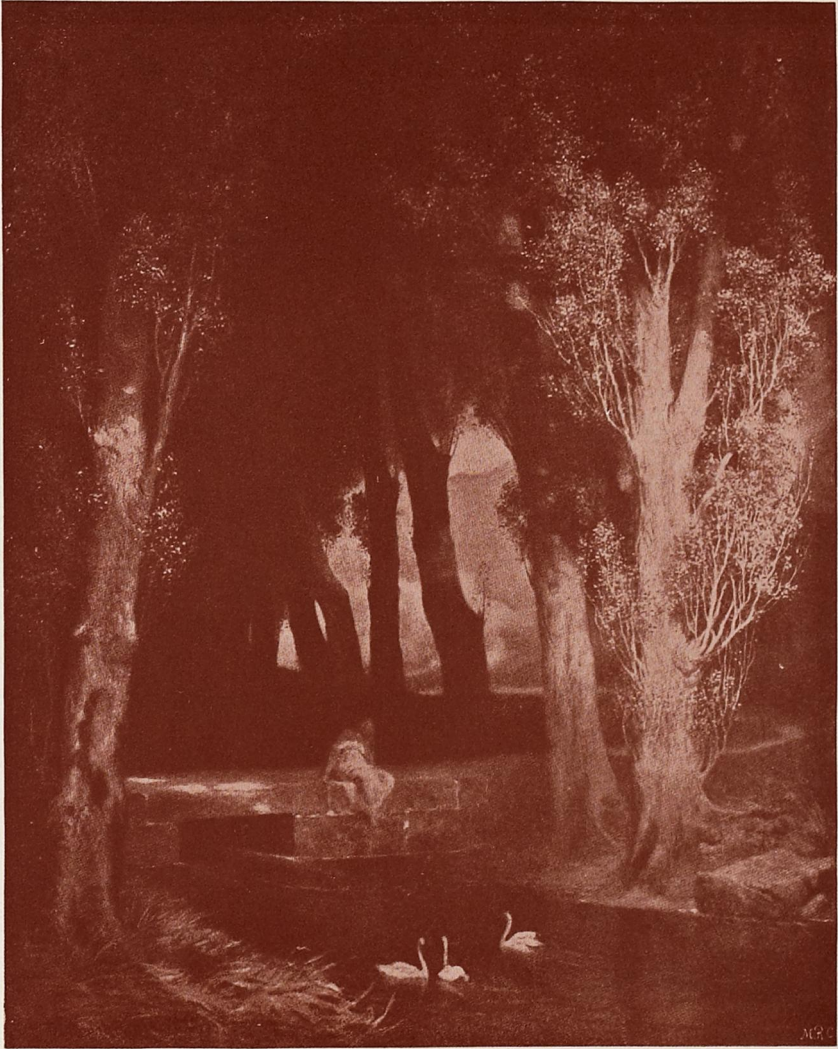


PORTRAIT OF MRS. C. R. C. AND CHILD

By Karl Bitter

countless occasions, generously granted special advantages to students who wished to copy or make other studies in their galleries. Then, too, it is to be remembered, as the late Senator Hoar once said, that a great majority of the works of art which are imported by private individuals eventually come into possession of public museums. Of 139 paintings by European artists to which our students have daily access in the galleries of the Boston Museum, 113 have paid duties to the United States government.

In still another way the tariff is very disadvantageous to American students. It endangers their opportunities in Europe. Other countries



LANDSCAPE—DECORATIVE OIL PAINTING
By Ferdinand Keller



open freely to our young people — as to those, for example, who go abroad on traveling scholarships — privileges in their schools. Foreigners are admitted on equal terms with the native born. There they receive every possible courtesy. In return we impose a tariff which, on many occasions, has



MODERN MADONNA
By Bessie Potter Vonnoh

exceedingly irritated foreign authorities and threatened the withdrawal of privileges, much to the detriment of our students who yearly go abroad.

The question, as it seems to me, has also an industrial bearing which is not always appreciated. Our art schools turn out, not simply painters and sculptors, but designers as well, who take whatever taste and skill they have acquired into various manufacturing enterprises. The collections of objects of applied art in American museums help greatly to attract students to such classes as those directed by Howard Walker at our Museum school. This is a great textiles center, for instance, and the textiles in the Museum, loaned for the most part by private collectors who have paid high duties on them, offer every incentive to young designers to aim at, and,



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
By Cecilia Beaux

if possible, surpass the best workmanship of the past. A canvas which was taken some time ago among professional designers of this city proved that every one acknowledged his bread and butter indebtedness to the Museum. And what is true here is true throughout the United States. We talk of applying art to our industries — as we must do to keep at the head of the industrial procession — and then we bar out a lot of the good art which would have the effect of stimulating our designers to produce finer things.

An especial appeal should be made, it seems to me, to former pupils of art schools in this country to support this movement. They must number a great many interested persons, for such institutions as the one connected with the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, the Art Students League and Academy of Design in New York, the Chicago Institute, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine

Arts, the school at the St. Louis Museum, the Corcoran School at Washington, and a great many others have been sending forth their pupils for many years. Probably the majority are not professional painters and sculptors, for many find their place in industrial pursuits, and many of the women are married; but all of them certainly retain a similar loyalty to their art schools to that which is found among college graduates. This body of art-school alumni and alumnæ scattered all over the country we are counting upon as a powerful element in this campaign for the art education in Congress.

THOMAS ALLEN.



SALON OF THE DILETTANTI—IV

ART SALES AND SIGNATURES

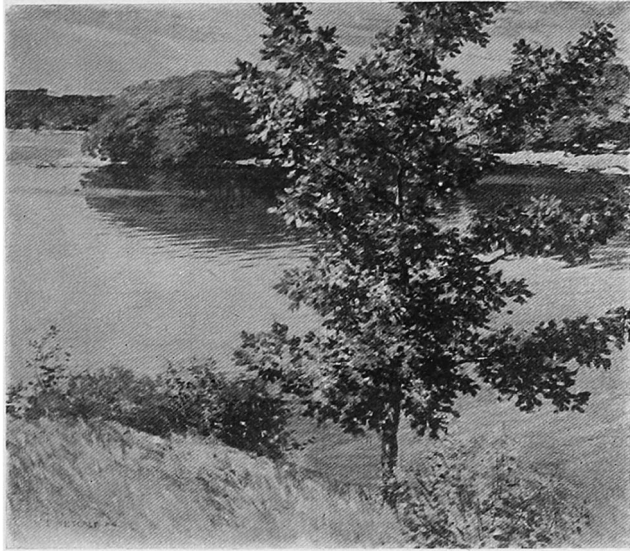
It was one of the delicate questions of casuistry, the Observer remarked, to what extent a name warped public appreciation of a work of art. Rembrandt and Reynolds, Constable and Corot, Israels and Inness, Millet and Martin, Wyant and Weissenbruch, Daubigny, Diaz, Monet, Mauve, — these and many another, on the lips of a clever salesman, were symbols to conjure with. But Jones, Johnson, Brown and Smith — again those impersonal verbal tokens for the Saleless Sports of Fortune — who could get up any enthusiasm over their work, or conscientiously urge a loosening of purse strings in their interest? The former were dead or “discovered,” and the latter were neither. God helping them, they would be some day—dead; but, “discovered” — a long, long chance, like drought in April.

Wherefore this mysterious connection between sales and signatures? Was it merit, fashion, business, whim? Did collectors, as a rule, buy names or pictures, were they real, *bona fide* “patrons of art,” or only shrewd, every-day speculators? The Observer had never been able to decide definitely but he had his opinion. He had noticed that collectors never—well, modify the phrase, and say rarely—enthused over *live* artists of mere promise but usually over *dead* artists likely to be scarce; never—again say rarely, if you please—over “undiscovered”



THE RIALTO
By Conlin Campbell Cooper

painters of ability, but over "discovered" men, well exploited, with little or no regard to merit. He had noticed that art sales—those auction events that betokened recent demise, or simply an unloading preparatory to new investments—were always heralded by a citation of names, and not by a eulogy of quality and interest; and he was therefore led to suspect that in the common estimate there was some intimate connection, either of psychology or profit, between the merit of a canvas and the sig-



THE YOUNG OAK
By Willard L. Metcalf

nature it bore—a theory which, in point of fact, he, for one, was not willing to accept. It savored too much, he said, of the shop-talk of trade.

Whistler's butterfly, for instance,—if genuine—applied to a Dabo nocturne would enhance its "value" from hundreds—possibly even from tens—to thousands of dollars, without adding one inch to its size or one iota to its quality of tone or texture. This, he thought, was one of the unexplainable miracles, like the transformation of water into wine by the mumbling of a spell or the making of a cabalistic sign. Perhaps, he ventured to suggest, it was the profit—to somebody—resulting from an artist's making a show of himself in life and then being accommodating enough to shuffle off the coil, as Shakespeare puts it.

Recently, at public auction, a Mauve sold for \$40,200. The price asked not so many years ago, when the canvas was a medal winner at the

Paris Salon, was \$300. Mauve was a very prolific painter, and only died in 1888. Did a few years' aging — and the demise of the artist — add \$39,900 to the beauty and intrinsic value of the canvas? Did the purchaser buy the picture or the name? Did he have, at heart, appreciation of the art — \$40,200 worth — or, in mind, another sale at the price paid — plus? Was it possible for human agency to put \$40,200 worth of acutal value into a three-foot square of canvas with brush] and



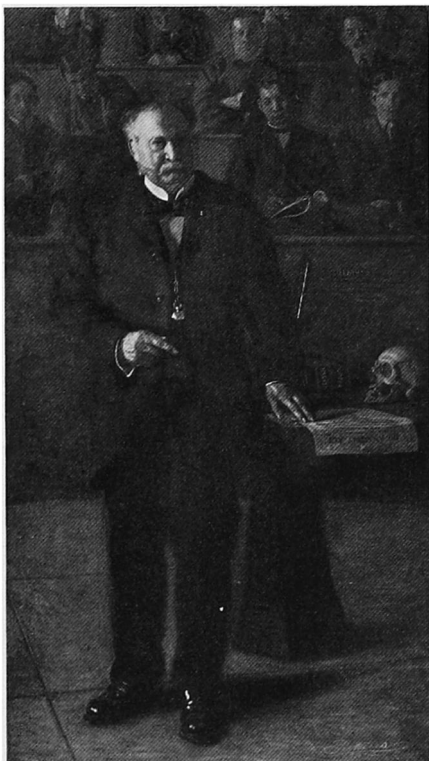
THE NAUTILUS
By Hugh H. Breckenbridge

pigment? At the very moment the Salon of the Dilettanti was in session an El Greco was being offered to a Western museum for \$40,000, the price of forty American pictures of superb quality and commanding interest. Name or picture? Was it worth that price as a work of art? Was it worth it to an institution struggling to get out of debt? Was it worth it to the people who voluntarily subscribed, or willy-nilly paid taxes for the support of the institution? Was it worth it to the visitors who crowded the galleries on free days, or paid their quarters on days not free?

Vanitas vanitatum, thundered the Observer. Names, names, nothing but — little but — names! Names captured the checks, and in the mean time, works of art, calculated by their inherent beauty, truth, purity, reverence — their message from God to man — to touch the heart and

exalt the soul, were gathering soot and cobwebs in the studios. In the mean time, the dead slept on in dust their sleep of eternity, little dreaming of, and nothing profiting by, the glory with which Trade had crowned them, and the "discovered" and exploited made their bank deposits, and the able Unloved of Trade toiled on in stress, made sure of daily meals by securing monthly meal-tickets, sweated, struggled, schemed, solicited, envied the dead their empty, profitless glory, and the "discovered" their prosperity, cherished a hope of profitable glory for themselves, and in the end probably came to realize, with Father Ryan, that "each ideal that shines like a star on life's wave is wrecked on the shores of the real, and sleeps like a dream in the grave."

Didn't Whistler's "Philip of Spain" sell the other day for \$25,200, and didn't Whistler have to battle most of his life with the bailiffs? Names!



DR. WILLIAM SMITH FORBES
By Thomas Eakins

Sales and signatures! Poor Blakelock was to-day recognized as one of the master colorists of America. Stress sapped his sanity. He died a mental wreck in an asylum, and a subscription list was started on the grounds to relieve the widow's want. A friend of the Observer was invited recently, he said, by an Eastern "patron of art" whose name is known throughout the country as a "connoisseur" and "collector," to visit his gallery. Two Blakelocks were shown. "They must have cost a goodly sum," ventured the visitor. "The poor devil was hard up, and I gave him \$40," replied this "patron of art." That represented the man's appreciation of art with an at that time obscure name. And still, to the tune of millions, the sale of signatures went merrily on; still the dead slept on in dust their sleep of eternity, etc. Turn back and re-read the preceding paragraph of this report. Just the other day, the Observer said he saw water-colors bearing the name

of Israels, that might, by courtesy, have done credit to an academy student, offered at a fancy price and finding ready customers; and better water-colors with the name of Ritschel offered at sane prices and wanting purchasers. No reflection on Israels, the Observer explained, for every artist did poor things as well as good; no laudation of Ritschel, for a host of earnest painters were doing things worth the price asked. But simply another instance of names, names, nothing but—little but—names. *Van itas vanilatum.*

A propos of all this, the Observer wanted to tell a story. He knew a Western multimillionaire, one of the quick-rich brand, who was talked into buying the library of a noted divine, deceased, a man of brains and culture. He was pumped full, by the salesman, of convenient shop-talk phrases—"silk-sewn," "Levant morocco," "hand-tooled,"

"tree-calf," and the like. Later he invited a common-sense judge to his home, and rehearsed his lesson. "Harry," said the judge, after listening patiently to the parrot-tongued dissertation on book-dress, without a single syllable of reference to book-content—"Harry, you ought to be a collector of picture-frames." That was the way of the average picture-collector, the Observer insisted. He didn't *buy* pictures; he was *sold* pictures. He was led to believe that a collection worthy of the name didn't merit mention without its containing a So-and-So, and a So-and-so, and a So-and-So. In default of an original, a creditable copy that would pass current as an original, might fill the bill. But he *must* have a So-and-So, and a So-and-So, and a So-and-So. And he got one.

God help art, the Observer ejaculated, if its golden age was in the past, and its highest achievement was a thing of the dim and musty yester-



THE YELLOW ROBE
By Walter MacEwen

days, a matter of encyclopædic record. God help artists if the *régime* of signatures continued, and the favored few bulletined by Trade had a prior lien on popularity and purses. Didn't the artists, the upper and the under dog alike, all have a chance at the purse-strings?



MOTHER AND CHILD

By Louise Cox

one of the Dilettanti ventured. Most assuredly, retorted the Observer, in the same sense that the Declaration gives us all the same rights to life liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — which we *don't* enjoy. The reign of signatures was the genesis of fakes and the parent of pot-boilers, he said. And so long as people with more cash than culture, and more devotion to fashion than to art set up the approved lists of names like little tin gods on a mantel, and puled prayers before them according to a prescribed ritual, so long would they have furnished to them fakes galore and pot-boilers to their heart's content. Paint out your signatures, the Observer suggested, and watch the slump in prices for some idols of the day, and the breaking of eclipse

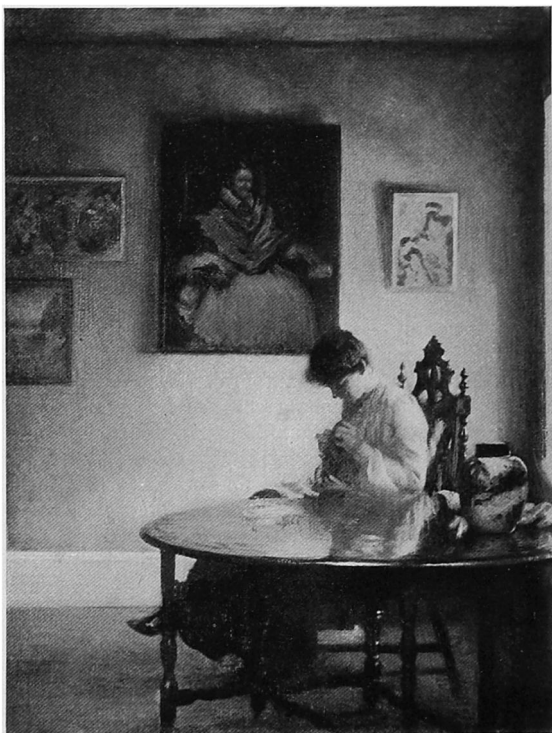
for many a hidden light. The tables would be turned. Speculative interest would be revised, and perchance art appreciation revolutionized.

When will our public buy pictures because they represent an ideal and not a name, a sentiment and not a reputation? the Observer reiterated. It might be that America was in swaddling-clothes as regards matters of art, and it was certainly true that it had an ambition to wear pants. But was n't there cloth enough at home to make knickerbockers—if not trousers? The forces of Congress and corruption were marshaled to protect and

promote such artistic home products as pork, pig-iron and wood-pulp, and at the same time the wealth of the nation was going forth annually in millions to enrich the supply-houses of "old masters"—with or without pedigrees; fatten the foreign producers of spurious antiques; and keep busy a horde of Old World makers of fakes and pot-boilers—all to the detriment of the native ability our "patrons of art" express a desire to foster.

Was this a credit to our sense of equity and our business acumen? Was n't this fever of the freshly rich to crowd our public and private galleries with the "masterpieces" of the Old World the tommy-rot of the interested? The sale of signatures, the Observer insisted, was like the sale of life-insurance policies—not one policy-holder in ten thousand sought the agent; the agent sought the policy-holder, and usually sold what he talked up. One got Equitable; another, Mutual; another, New York Life. And so in art matters, one man took a policy in Blommers; another in Thaulow; another, in Rubens (?); another, in Ridgway Knight. There had recently been quite a shake-up in insurance circles, and Mutual's business was reported to have fallen off \$47,000,000 in twelve months as a consequence. Wouldn't it be well to have a shake-up in art interests? It would, at least, tend to show how many of the tin gods of popularity would stand a seismic shock. A possible surprise to collectors!

But what would the dealers do, queried another of the Dilettanti, if



GIRL CROCHETING
By Edmund C. Tarbell

What expatriated so many American artists, the Observer asked. Did Whistler, Abbey, Sargent, Bridgman, Gruppe, Gay, Vedder, Melchers, McEwen, Knight, renounce the land of their birth — their claim to American citizenship was a farce — in order that they might bask in the enriching sunshine of Europe's art glories? Rubbish! Did Knight, or Melchers,



THE BLACK FAN
By Howard Gardiner Cushing

or McEwen, or Gay, or Bridgman give evidence of such absorption and reflect such glories? Would Abbey and Sargent be less Abbey and Sargent — except in point of emolument — had they stayed in this country? Primarily, the expatriation was a policy of profit — the art glories of the Old World had nothing to do with the case. Distance lent enchantment to the view, and robed the artist with a power that drew.

The Dilettanti thought such rank juggling of a poetic gem was about the limit, and hinted that the Observer with it should be willing to quit. In consenting to drop the subject — for the time, he was careful to say —

he begged to leave a question unanswered for his fellow-members to think about. Of the gross millions spent annually by Americans — institutions and individuals — for works of Art, what percentage of it went to the



A GENTLEWOMAN
By J. Alden Weir

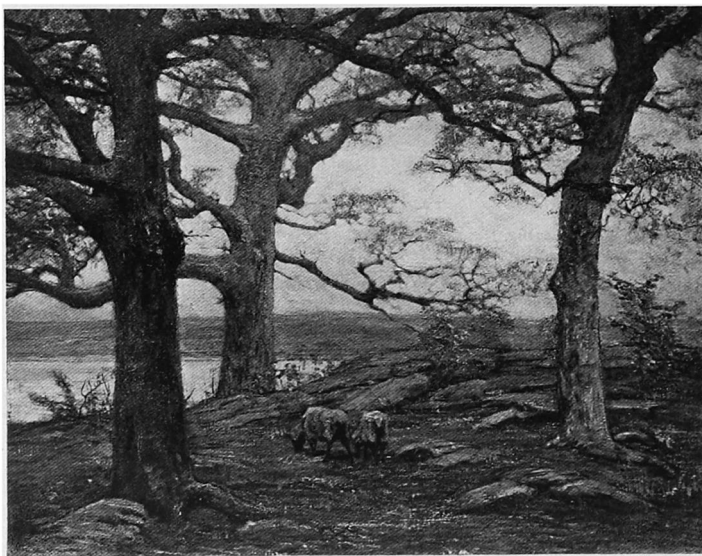
legitimate support and encouragement of American artists, or in any way tended toward the development of native talent? Go buy a microscope, the Observer suggested, to aid in the quest. And then as a parting shot — Trade made the Idols, and — names, names, nothing but — little but — names! And still the dead slept on in dust their sleep of eternity, little dreaming, — Time, called the Dilettanti.

REPORTED BY THE SALON'S SECRETARY.





THE BALLET
By Everett Shinn



EARLY APRIL
By Allen B. Talcott



HARE AND HOUNDS
By H. M. Walcott

THE FINE ARTS AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Negotiations which have been pending for three years for the establishment of a department of Fine Arts in Columbia University in connection with the National Academy of Design have been concluded. It was announced at the meeting of the college trustees that the university and the academy have come to an agreement to co-operate in the establishment and maintenance of this school. At the outset, the faculty of Fine Arts will have control of three departments — a school of architecture, a school of music, and a school of design. The schools of architecture and music will be maintained, as at present, by Columbia, while the school of design, including departments of painting, sculpture and decorative art, will be under the direction of the National Academy. The agreement is not dependent upon the erection of any building or upon the raising of a sum to defray the cost of such building. It is hoped, however, that funds for a building may be contributed, but until such time the academy will remain in its present school of design in the temporary buildings on Cathedral Heights.

The faculty of Fine Arts will consist of the president of the university, the president of the academy, and the dean of the faculty of Fine Arts, when appointed; of the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and of the

professors and adjunct professors in the schools of architecture, music, and design, together with professors in such other subjects as may be assigned to the faculty. The faculty of Fine Arts will be promptly organized, and its public announcement may be expected in the month of April or May.

"It should be borne in mind," said Dr. Butler, president of Columbia, in discussing the matter, "that the agreement is for a genuine co-operation between the university and the academy such as has been in mind from the first, and is not in any sense a merger of the academy with the university, as some persons have understood. It is our hope that in time all the interests and institutions in the city that are seriously concerned with the study of art and with the training of artists will be brought into co-operation, in order that their several efforts may be united for the accomplishment of their common purpose.

"The Academy of Design will continue to exercise complete control over its schools. Such courses of instruction, whether theoretical, as are offered in those schools and accepted by the faculty of Fine Arts as appropriate courses in preparation for a university degree or other credential, will thereupon be described as university courses, and so announced in the university publications. The School of Design maintained and controlled by the academy will be on a par with the Schools of Architecture and Music that will be maintained and controlled by the university.



PORTRAIT OF A GIRL
By T. W. Dewing

"Professors in each of the three schools who give courses recognized as university courses will sit together in a common faculty and will be officers of university rank. The university will be able to contribute a large number of courses in archæology and the history and criticism of art, which are now lacking so far as students of design are concerned. On



THE SISTERS
By William M. Chase

the other hand, the School of Design maintained by the academy will contribute a constantly increasing number of courses in painting, sculpture, and decoration.

"The director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be invited to take a seat in the faculty of Fine Arts, just as the director of the American Museum of Natural History has a seat in the faculty of pure science. In this way the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum of Art will be kept informed as to the progress of the movement carried on through the co-operation of the university and the academy, and will, it is hoped, be able to contribute to its progress by the active co-operation of the Museum in such ways as from time to time seem possible.